

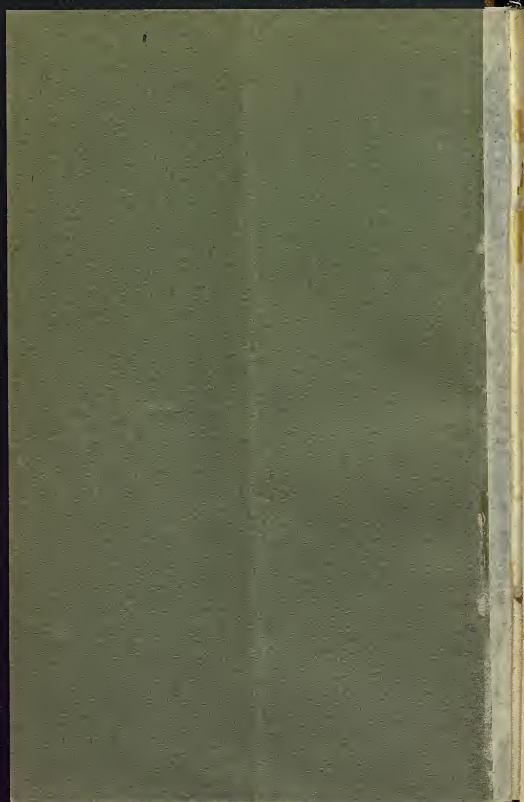
THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.

NO. 49.



SUMMER TERM - 1919.



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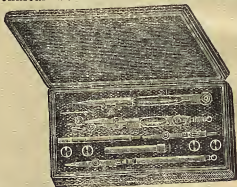
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THE
Southampton University
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SUMMER TERM - 1919.

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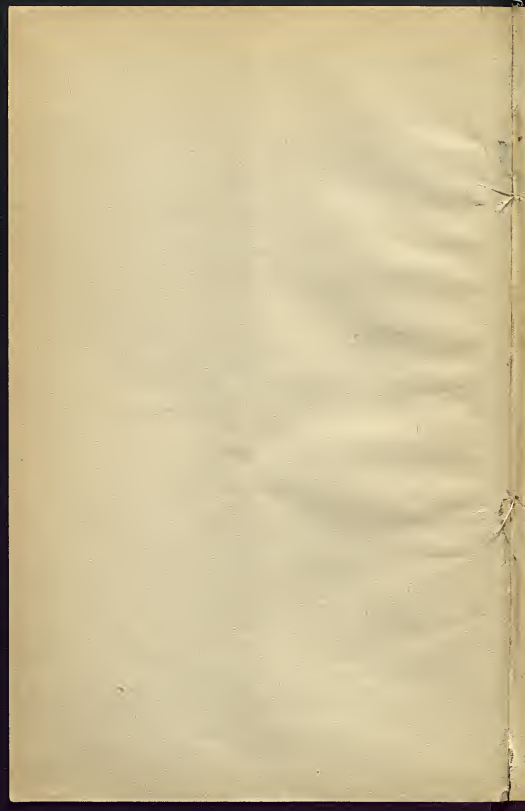
MISS M. GRANT.

MR. CARPENTER.

MR. WYATT.

All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the SUB-EDITOR of the Magazine, University College, Southampton.

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THE SOUTHAMPTON University College Magazine.

- - Editorial Notes. - -

"Farewell! . . . I cry you Godspeed to the next milestone—
and beyond."

A VERY few more weeks now, and then the Seniors, or the great majority of them, "go down" for the last time, and to the few who are left, much that has made "Coll." the best place on earth goes with them. Two years or more ago they came in, diffident yet eager; expecting great things, though exactly what they did not know, but all dimly conscious of some richer heritage awaiting them beyond the gaining of marks and the passing of examinations. Under this roof they have given little or much, and have received in proportion to their giving. They pass out with a deeper conception and appreciation of Life, a clearer vision, a fuller understanding, a wider horizon. During the past year we have discussed our ideals freely. We set before ourselves the aim "Self-Government;" we have tried to show each other both the opportunities and the responsibilities, and to find how best to make us worthy of the Larger Liberty which is not Licence, of the real Freedom which, as Prof. Shelley showed us in his Commemoration Address, is service. Having given of their best, in full confidence and hope the old Seniors hand on the work to the new. Those who have sought to make "the paths to the House" leave "to those who come the House itself," while they pass out into the wider field of work outside our little world. Here they will meet with disillusionment and disappointment; they will find that their judgments are too sweeping, their plans too big; but

because of the brief years in the old Coll. at the bottom of the High Street; because of the Brotherhood to which they must always belong, Hartleyites the world over "shall not lose their pride" in them, "howe'er the journey ends."

A victorious Peace has saved the world for Democracy; old things have passed away; new standards, new precedents are being built up. It has been said that "a college is the happiest form of democracy;" truly the men and women of U.C.S. should make good citizens.

With next session there opens a new epoch in the life of College. The opening of the Highfield buildings will mean a fuller, keener, more vigorous Coll., with wider activities and greater possibilities. To next year's seniors come a bigger opportunity and a greater responsibility than ever before in the history of this College; to a very great extent it rests with them as to whether U.C.S. makes good in the new life; they can make it what they will. The future promises many things, much that hitherto we have only dreamed is about to materialise in the good time coming; and among the first things may there be a regular annual Reunion for those of us who managed to be very happy in the dear, damp, musty old pile in the "High."

Bravo, Hartley!

A. A.

THE movement of increase in the number of students entering the College was well maintained at the opening of the session, and the process of demobilisation which has been going on since the signing of the Armistice has been responsible for an influx which has brought the total on the books to a higher figure than has been recorded for many years past. Old students have returned to resume the courses which were interrupted by their departure on military service, and many other of the demobilised have registered as new students. Moreover, the applications for admission next term have beaten all records.

In view of this numerical expansion the Council has reluctantly decided that the training of disabled men cannot be continued after this session. The College was the first institution in the field with the provision of such

training, and of the value of the work done here, both in technical and in commercial subjects, there has been ample evidence. When the large majority of the regular students were serving with the colours there was sufficient laboratory space for the classes, and the staff had time to conduct them; but the return of regular students has created difficulties in both these respects. Hence the decision to which the Council has been compelled to come.

The most notable event we have to record in its bearing on the position of the College is the increase of the Treasury Grant from £2,400 to £5,000 a year. This amount is given exclusively for University work, and is quite independent of contributions made by the Board of Education for the training of teachers, for technical education, or for evening classes. When, in 1911, the grant of £2,400 was received, it was stated explicitly and with emphasis that the grant was experimental; that it would be re-considered at the end of five years; and that if, by that time, the College had not justified its claim to rank as a University College the grant would be withdrawn. It has now been raised to £5,000 as an annual grant, and this increase, with, as we hope, the prospect of its permanence, is a turning point in the history of the College.

Another turning point which will prove of historical interest is in sight. The work of the College will be transferred next session to the buildings at Highfield, which have been occupied by the War Office, at a peppercorn rent, for the purposes of a military hospital during the whole of the war. The new buildings, as we know, are incomplete; but great possibilities are opened up by the presence on the site of a large number of wooden pavilions and other hutments. It may be found practicable to use some of these as a temporary hostel for men students. Women students will be accommodated in Highfield Hall, than which there is no more attractive hostel to be found in the United Kingdom.

Early in the session the College suffered in a quite unprecedented fashion by the death of two members of the staff, Mr. Thomas Crawford and Mr. Frederick Phillips, in quick succession. Both of them succumbed to the epidemic that was then raging in Southampton.

Mr. Crawford had been Lecturer in Classics since 1902.

He graduated with first class honours both in the University of London and at the Royal University of Ireland, of which he was sometime Fellow and Examiner. Mr. Crawford was a genuine scholar, with a great enthusiasm for his subject, and was ever ready to draw upon his stores of knowledge for the benefit of enquirers—whether to identify an ancient coin, or to settle some vexed question of Latin syntax. It is to be regretted that some of the results of his investigations were not made permanently available through the medium of the press. His valuable library has been acquired by the College. As a teacher Mr. Crawford never spared either himself or his students. He gave them of his best, and expected them to do their best in turn, and he won equally their respect and their affection. The war found Mr. Crawford far above military age, but he threw himself with characteristic energy and thoroughness into volunteer training, and he spent the greater part of his last vacation with the forces on the East Anglian coast. His zeal in volunteer work was recognised by the attendance of official military representatives at his funeral.

Mr. Phillips joined the staff in 1905 as Lecturer in Mathematics and Physics, but after a time his work was confined to the Mathematics Department. He was not only a Science graduate of London University but a trained teacher and a Fellow of the College of Preceptors. In addition to his duties as lecturer he took an active interest in the social life of the students. For a time he was Chairman of the Mens' Common Room, and he was the originator of the Sports which were formerly held in connexion with the College. A damaged knee, due to an accident when he was playing in a Rugger match for the College, prevented his acceptance for military service, but the recurring raids caused him to turn his attention to anti-aircraft devices, with the result that he invented a range-finder which was taken up by the War Office. His researches in this direction secured him the newly-established M.Sc. degree of the London University and the fellowship of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

About the beginning of the session the Principal was invited by the Y.M.C.A. to act for them as Director of Education in the home camps. Dr. Hill was granted by the Council partial leave of absence for this purpose, and

for a time was kept exceedingly busy in superintending the provision of schemes of education for reserve depôts and other Army groups and units in different parts of the country. The position of affairs, however, was greatly changed by the signing of the Armistice and the movement of demobilisation which followed it. The demand for educational facilities in the home camps shrunk to small proportions, while the War Office scheme had been taking form under the direction of Lord Gorell. Towards the end of January Dr. Hill advised the Universities Committee that it was no longer necessary to extend the work they were doing and that it might be gradually abandoned. It was still being carried on in various centres at the request of the War Office, but there was no longer any need for him to supervise it. Under pressure from the Committee Dr. Hill allowed his name to remain on the prospectus, but his office henceforth was to be purely advisory. During the Principal's absence Professors Eastice, Boyd and Masom, and the Registrar, Mr. Kiddle, made themselves responsible for much of his work in the College.

Professor Sutherland returned to the College towards the close of the Lent term, after service with the Artillery in Mesopotamia for the best part of two years. During the latter months of his stay in the East, Dr. Sutherland was called upon to assist in the work of the Agricultural Department which was organised to develop an independent food supply in Mesopotamia.

Mr. Dendley, Mr. Davis and Mr. Shearing are also back at the College after demobilisation.

Professor Watkin, who was engaged on the expert staff at Woolwich during the latter half of 1918, is now acting as Secretary to the District University Committee, which selects ex-service men for professional and technical training of all kinds.

Mr. E. W. Patchett, M.A., has taken up his duties as Lecturer in German after internment at Ruhleben since the outbreak of the war. Mr. Patchett was formerly a scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, graduated in the Modern Languages Tripos, and was for some time Professor of French and German in the University of Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario, one of the three large Universities of Canada, with over 1600 students.

Miss E. M. Turner, of Girton, where she took high honours in the Mathematical Tripos, was appointed Lecturer in Mathematics at the beginning of the session.

Miss Moore resigned the librarianship at the end of the last term with the view of preparing for educational work in the Mission field. Miss C. A. Homeyer, who succeeds her in the post, was educated at Cheltenham, and has had experience in several important public libraries.

Sir William Mather has resigned his position as a Vice-President of the College, owing to advanced years. Sir Beethom Whitehead, K.C.M.G., M.A., representative of the University of London on the Court of Governors, has been elected in his place.

Professor Shelley, who is acting, with the rank of Major, as Chief Instructor at the War Office School of Education at Cambridge, paid a flying visit to the College on the 26th May, in order to deliver the address at Commemoration. His title, "A Dialogue on Freedom," covered an account of the varied views expressed on the subject in Army education classes.

Professor Cock delivered a series of University Extension lectures during the winter on "English Philosophy of To-day," and Professor Eustice gave a short series for children on "Airplanes." We may add that Professor Eustice spent a fortnight of the Easter vacation on a lecturing tour amongst the troops in France.

Mr. Fawcett has been serving as Chairman of the panel of expert advisers in Geography to the Examinations Council of the Board of Education.

At the beginning of the winter a Tutorial Class was formed under the auspices of the Workers' Educational Association. This involved the appointment by the College of a Tutorial Joint Committee consisting of six nominees of the W.E.A. and six members of the College. The subject selected by the class was Economic Geography, with Mr. Fawcett as lecturer. Mr. Fawcett has also given a course during the winter on Social Geography, and Dr. Horrocks has delivered a series of lectures on the History and Economics of the Co-operative Movement under the same auspices.

The first volume, covering the years 1602-8, of the

Assembly Books of Southampton, edited by Dr. Horrocks, has been published by the Southampton Record Society. The annotated records are introduced by an essay, based partly on the text, and partly on other sources, dealing with the municipal constitution and its working in the early years of the seventeenth century. The volume has been favourably reviewed. The second instalment is now in course of preparation.

A Committee under the chairmanship of Miss Aubrey, and with Mr. P. J. Crickmore as Secretary and Treasurer, has drawn up a very attractive programme for a Whitsuntide Peace Re-union of Students, past and present, but as this will be a thing of the past before these notes appear in print, it is unnecessary to particularise the arrangements.



Students Killed in the War.

"Greater love hath no man than this."

RICHARD APLIN.
G. AYLES.
A. BARFOOT.
R. V. P. CARPENTER.
W. DOUGLAS.
R. W. DURDLE.
F. DYER.
C. ELLIOT.
F. J. ELTON.
B. C. GREEN.
T. GILGAN.
F. C. GOLDRING.
F. HACKETT.
H. E. HAZELDON.
W. J. JONES.

B. H. LAYCOCK.
R. LUNN.
E. R. LOVELL.
H. A. MILLARD.
J. S. NAYLOR.
— OKE.
K. SINCLAIR.
J. F. SPARKES.
T. W. STANFIELD.
PROFESSOR STARKEY.
E. V. SHANDS.
H. G. THORPE.
P. A. M. WATTS.
E. WILLIAMS.
H. D. WILSON.

E. H. WOOD.

SELF-GOVERNMENT FOR STUDENTS.

* * *

THE idea of self government for students is no new one and has been for some time in the minds of many governing bodies as well as students as one of practical value. In theory we all agree with the principle that the development of the idea of the independence of individual and community should start at the first possible opportunity.

This is often done in the upper forms of the secondary school and, occasionally, right back in the elementary school, and teachers are expected to see that some idea of the community spirit is instilled in the minds of their class. But the teacher is always there, one to whom the class can turn for advice in making laws and giving rewards or punishment. With students it is different.

Most of us have just reached the age when we think we know a very great deal, and hate the idea of submitting ourselves to the indignity of having to ask permission for the slightest little thing we want to do. When we were little children we expected to be thrashed if we did wrong. At first we did not know we were doing wrong until the fear of punishment taught us what to expect if we did such and such a thing. Later, faint glimmerings of reason showed us that teacher did not punish us because it did him any good, but that we had brought our troubles partly on ourselves. We still resented the cane. As we went into the upper forms of the secondary school, we were gradually given more and more authority and each class became largely self-governing. It made its own rules, had its own sports arrangements, and got up its little socials with the co-operation and friendly, unobtrusive help of the teacher. Some of us held the reins of authority for a time as student-teachers. Most of those who have come to College to take degree courses were considered more or less as shining lights and powers-that-be while at school, so that few of us entering College are without some idea of what it means to be in authority.

At College we suddenly find ourselves in an entirely new world. Our work is not closely supervised by a class teacher, our success or failure now becomes a personal matter almost entirely. Our tutors cannot force us to sit down and pore over our books when we are not at class. It feels at first such a great world of liberty that we often make the most of it to do

nothing. Then comes a time when it is borne in upon us that work after all is a painful necessity of life, and that we are bound to do something if we really want to live and not to exist. It is we ourselves who are responsible for what we turn out at College to a far greater extent than our tutors and lecturers. We find that after all, our liberty is not quite what we thought it was. The authority of our tutors is far less severe than that of our former teachers, but if we want to fill our part as useful members of the state, it is up to us to get as much good as possible from whatever lies within our reach.

The determining factor in a student's life is not the opinion of our tutors concerning our work, nearly so much as the opinion of our fellow students as to our part in the social life of College. Life in College opens up splendid opportunities for getting to know one another's opinions. Here we all are with more or less open minds ready to seize on any little point of interest, for this is the stage in our existence when we begin to ask ourselves the great questions of existence and wonder if the ideals of childhood are really worth following. If we do not think of these things our College life is doing nothing for us. Here is our last splendid opportunity of getting an answer of some sort to our questions, else how can we expect ever to be fit to help and direct other people. College-trained people are supposed to lead the life of the nation, as their opportunities of research are greater than those that fall to the lot of the unfortunate mortal who must start with the ordinary smaller share of culture of the mind.

The burden of responsibility for the welfare of others, no light burden even for a student, helps to bring closer to us the realization of the serious side of life. The most cheery of individuals is often he who is, when occasion demands, the most grave, because he has found out that happy fun and seriousness go best hand in hand. The lighter side of College life is always with us: responsibilities bring the more serious side into line with it. In our work we have not the need so much to burden ourselves with responsibilities: else why a staff at all? But in our social life there is a great scope for the exercising of thought and attention to the problems of a community life. Here is an opportunity to learn when to fight a question out, when to give in, and when to compromise. Leaders among men must have power and tact, and responsibility helps to develop latent possibilities of our characters. Self-government should help us to take responsibility in a responsible way. In a self-governing community each student must play his part whether small or great. With the estab-

lishment of a legislative council and an executive body attached to it, to control our social life and arrange our social functions, several students must pass through the mill of learning how to govern. Those who take no part in the executive work at the head of affairs feel responsible to the student council for their social efforts in College. It is a greater disgrace to be held in bad repute by those who live with you, and see your every action, than by those who see you from the lecturer's chair.

In the present state of affairs, a delinquent arraigned before the Principal for having broken some rule for the general behaviour of students, is looked upon as more or less of a martyr by any of us who may easily be in the same circumstances. It is only human that we should sympathise with the poor unfortunate if we think about him at all. If, on the other hand, a student council is the punitive body for some offence, the College as a whole becomes immediately interested in the question, and the right and wrong of the case is discussed so that the offence is felt to be a disgrace among one's fellow students. You are bound for the sake of your own self-respect not to break the laws which you yourself help to make or acknowledge by your entry into the community life of College. The community spirit can be developed to a high degree, so that by the time the students have had their first year of supposed freedom, they are ready to learn how to take their share of the responsibilities of keeping their little state in order.

The ideal is a great one for a large body of students to aim at attaining but it is not unpractical. If we ever intend to govern ourselves we must make up our minds what it means. It is one thing to agree with the theory, which sounds very good, and another thing to be prepared to do our level best to put it into practice. Circumstances in a mixed College call for tact, sound common sense and a clear view of what is right to make College a really good field of preparation for life. Each student must be ready to do his very best to make College what he would like it to be, and prove in this way that students as a whole can think seriously as well as have all the fun of student life. Who does not hear with resentment and shame adverse criticism of his College? but who is it that brings shame if not the students? If we have the chance of learning to control others, and there is a great deal of learning attached to a position of responsibility, we cannot suffer long from too large a share of imperiousness. College is our training ground for life. What better opportunity for fitting our-

selves to take up later responsibilities can there be than a system of self-government, which helps us to try to put into practice some of the grand theories with which College inspires us?



DECLARATION.

—
This faith be mine: though Time and Space should fail,
To know th' Eternal Spirit doth abide
Uniting all that Fair and Noble is
In one vast tabernacle of the Truth
Wherein ourselves, our very souls and all
That makes us individual are conserved
In value undiminished and unstained:
Incorporate incorporeal, intertwined
With all that was, and is, and e'er shall be—
Imperishable glories of Man's soul!
Nay, more: for values in that hierarchy
In morning prime endure, and shall wax great
In splendour of divine communion;
For as the branchless vine doth fruitless lie,
The living God must in His children find
The ground of increase and His field for work
That cannot senseless repetition be—
Mechanic standardising of some plan—
But new enrichment of the store of worth
Through His fecund Intelligence in each
Of us, slips o' the fruitful Vine etern—
O glorious consummation of our life,
To feed the Ever-feeding, give to Him
Increase of sustenance that first was His,
And swell the boundless bliss of Deity.

A. A. C.

NOVEMBER 11th, 1918. ❧ ❧

+ + +

It was an ordinary day to begin with, somewhat cloudy and dull, yet one could feel there was something going to happen, something that was extraordinary, a day that occurred only once in a lifetime—and not to all people. Even the lecturer paused in the dramatic rendering of a poem at the sound of a faint cheer in the street below, and broke off with a suppressed exclamation, "What was that?" But it was not repeated, and the lecture went on drearily, not because it was uninteresting, but because there was something more wonderful about to happen, something that was going to change the history of the past four years, something that was going to make the daily sacrifice of life and wealth for ever a thing of the past.

Then came the next lecture—"Please, do try to concentrate," said the lecturer, in an appealing tone, but from the Hall came a muffled cheer, and the beauties and wonders of the *Golden Treasury* were as nothing. Nearer, clearer than before came the sound, till at last a hearty, lusty "Gobli!" was heard outside the door, and a breathless figure appeared, giving out in a clear ringing voice through the electrified air the wonderful news—"The Armistice was signed this morning."

So it had come at last—The Day—the day when the bloodshed and horrible nightmare of the last years, which had seemed almost centuries, should end, and when men should lay aside their weapons and return again "to make the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the health, wealth and happiness of the human race." Faintly came the lecturer's voice to unheeding ears—"I don't think we will try to do any more work this morning." But most of the students were already gone or going—and nothing could describe the rejoicing and excitement of those few minutes. Where to go? Certainly not to lectures. What to do? Certainly not study. Then came that panacea for all ills—a Gobli in the hall, and then a rush into the still unroused street to rejoice.

Before long, a procession of students was marching gaily up the street to the sound of jocund and patriotic songs, interspersed with cheers. One by one the flags were being hung out—the brilliant colours of the allied nations, and as each appeared a cheer from the procession greeted it.

Triumphantly they cheered before the ancient Bargate, which had seen many rejoicings before, but surely not such a great one as this, for never before had the struggle and trials been so tremendous. Up the High Street they went and again through the Bargate—memorable since it is seldom the students ever walk through the central arch.

Then came that thoughtful minute that follows the first impulsive acts in times of excitement—And now to thank the Giver of all good things for this wonderful long-wished-for day. A service was held at St. Mary's—surely never before were the words so full of meaning and the praise so heartily proclaimed from the very heart's core, and the thanks not loud but deep, and the hushed silence so very sacred and profound.

Then into the street again. The town was now really alive—people with flags and flowing ribbons; congratulating, laughing, dancing, skipping along in the self-forgetfulness of their abundant joy. There were Americans flashing in motor cars, Frenchmen gaily waving their tricolours, and shouting hurried French at the greeting, "Vive la France," Belgians intoxicated with joy and hope; Australians and Canadians arm-in-arm with Serbians, and people of all nationalities sharing in the common joy. After noon the excitement reached its zenith—the trams were crowded and it was hopeless to get through the Bargate. All shops and works were closed. The streets were one maze of colour, and here and there a squib or sky-rocket caused hurried dispersals and frightened cries. There were processions and groups of revelers, and people seemed to ride up and down and to walk to and fro in the exhilaration of the time.

And then in the evening services were held in almost every church to return thanks for Nov. 11th for the almost unrealizable good news that the wonderful day had brought.

M.A.V.M.



GOING DOWN. 1919.

+ + +

Farewell, great mother, I must now away,
My time with thee is spent, alack the day.
For wisdom hast thou given me from thy heart,
I thank thee humbly, truly, ere we part.
 And ever shall I yearn
 For days that ne'er return.

Within thy walls, thy children work and play,
For if thy tasks are great, youth has its day.
And at thy fount of wisdom all may drink
And having drunk, may stand upon the brink,
 And feel the wealth of power
 Thou giv'st them every hour.

Some of thy children have laid down the pen,
And giv'n their lives for those of other men.
But not in vain shall any child of thine,
Have placed his life upon war's altar shrine.
 Self-sacrifice thou taught,
 And so for this they fought.

And as the years go by, fresh children come
To dwell beneath thy roof, and share the sum
Of all thy pleasure and of all thy pain.
But when their time is o'er, the world again
 Controls their daily life
 Of gladness or of strife.

Thus like the rings that from the stone arise
When cast into the pool, so we likewise
Spread wider yet and wider and embrace
The distant outposts of our mighty race
 And carry there, thy light
 Of knowledge, wisdom, might.

But as the rings upon the water's face
Spread outwards, and enclose a greater space,
So thou, the centre whence our wisdom springs
Send'st out thy light, and every zephyr brings
 True thoughts of thee their source,
 On the ethereal course.

J. C. W.

THE IDEAL OF BROTHERHOOD. / /



THERE surely never was a time in the history of man on this planet when things looked blacker—when pessimism seemed more obvious, more logical, more justifiable. The most hardened optimist must surely feel that "the time is out of joint," that chaos reigns—dark, dismal disorder,—look where he will. Optimist he must be indeed who yet endorses Hamlet's implied admission that he was "born to set it right!"

The deluge of human blood, which a few months ago seemed to obscure the very light of God, is not yet quite abated. Those unreasonable persons who anticipated the thistles of war bearing in due time the grapes of peace and brotherhood must now reap the disappointment of such false hopes. War has ceased, we say— and heave a sigh of relief; but what mockery is this so-called Peace which has followed in its train? God help the world if this is Peace! God help humanity if this is Brotherhood!

What shall we say to these things? Shall we treat them as inevitable, irremediable, hopeless? Can we hold ourselves aloof, smile a cynical smile, give voice to some such platitude as "Each man for himself," and pass by unmoved? Alas! there are pessimists, and worse still there are unscrupulous, inexorable self-seekers who would send humanity to hell if they profit thereby. And there are those who affect a supercilious detachment from the squalor, mundanity, and sordidness of their enforced surroundings; some again who look forward to an imaginary Heaven as the solution to this "desert drear" of an earth.

But there are others who have not quite lost faith in humanity, who see a gleam—faint, it is true, but of infinite potentialities—which they "can do no other" than follow. They are neither content with things as they are, nor have they lost faith in the ultimate decency of things and in the possibility of change for the better; who must follow an ideal, if only lest they should succumb to suicide. They know those things which help to render their own lives happy and worth while; they know also that there is much around them which mars life and detracts from happiness; and desire that both they and humanity at large should be able to appropriate the good and discard the evil.

What ideal is there which seems to offer any chance of the emergence of a beautiful cosmos from the world-chaos which

prevails to-day? To the writer there seems but one answer to this question—The Ideal of Brotherhood.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this is one of the fundamentals of Christianity; and yet it is by no means one of the fundamentals of all those who "profess and call themselves Christians," neither can it be asserted that the Christian Church as a whole stands for Brotherhood. One despairs at times of the possibility of the Church ever leavening the world with the spirit of Christ, or of its ever practising to any extent the ideals which it professes and sometimes preaches.

But the ideal of brotherhood will surely have its appeal to all those, be they Christian by profession or not, who have the good of humanity at heart; who feel it their mission to leave the world a little better than they found it. Harmony and peace are surely preferable to discord and strife, good-fellowship and fraternity to enmity, backbiting and selfishness. Would it not be a great thing if everybody were kindly disposed and helpful to everybody else?

It has to be recognised that the system under which we live at present is not conducive to brotherhood; that there is competition where there should be co-operation, retaliation where there should be forgiveness, exploitation where there should be kindly justice, warring sects where there should be unity, class distinctions where there should be a harmonious, free and equal humanity. So we look around for signs that the old order is giving place to the new; and we believe we are witnessing in the revolution and effervescence which is rampant in the world to-day—and which, regarded superficially, is so terrifying, deplorable and hopeless,—the birth struggles of a new dispensation; and that a new and better world will eventually come forth from the old.

Shall we not play our part in the glorious game for the emancipation of humanity? By each striving to develop and perfect his own personality, preserving meanwhile amicable and peaceful relationships with his fellow-men as far as this is possible; by refusing to countenance the many social evils in existence, and by proclaiming the gospel of freedom and brotherhood; by such means shall humanity finally emerge from cataclysm to peace, from darkness to light.

C.F.D.

"THE TEMPEST."

As related by an inspired "School-Praccer."

+ + +

(Overheard at Hostel one morning during School Prac. week :

"Does anyone know anything about 'The Tempest,' because I have a lesson to give on it?"

"Yes. Didn't Sebastian put Prospero and Miranda in an open boat, and then they floated to an island, or something?"

"Thanks. I remember. I can spin out a lesson on that, somehow.")

"ONCE upon a time there was a wonderful Duke, named Prospero, who lived in a most gorgeous palace, as beautiful as that which Aladdin made for his princess. It had lovely gardens, and was as beautiful inside as out. In the midst of much pomp and beauty lived Prospero, with his little daughter, Miranda.—Would you like to be called Miranda, Jane Jiggs?—Now, Miranda was only a little baby—something like your little sister, Maria Muggs, only she was exceedingly beautiful. She had lovely green eyes, something like the sea on a stormy day, and hair of a very bright red,—not unlike the outside of the new school buildings.

"Would you believe that such a lovely little girl had a wicked uncle? Well, she had, and this uncle was just like most villains. He had a long beard, which he could tuck into his belt on a windy day. This beard was as black as coal, only blacker. His bushy eyebrows almost covered his eyes, but they were of such a startling colour that they shone through them. His hair was as black as his beard, and stood up—like the bristles of the new mat in the porch. He was a villain of the deepest dye—like the villain you saw in 'The House of Hate' at the Cinema last week. He was very very wicked, and wanted to kill Miranda, so that he could be Duke when his brother died.

"Now his meek little brother, the real Duke, had no suspicion of this. He was a very quiet little man whose wife had just died after ten years of married life. All this time he had turned for peace and quiet to his books, so that he was a great scholar and magician. He had left the management of the Dukedom to his wicked brother Sebastian.—Yes, Ethelberta Onions, what is it?"

"Please, Miss, my brother's name is Sebastian!"

"Yes. Well, I told you this brother wanted the dukedom, didn't I? He called the generals of the army together one dark, stormy night, and said if they would lend him the soldiers for a night he would give them a box of chocolates each, and to each of the soldiers a tin of toffee—perhaps it was 'Sharpe's Kreemy!'

"The next night was dark and stormy also. Sebastian gathered the army together in the moat under the castle wall and gave them their instructions, together with a pair of plimsoles each, so that there should be no sound. While the soldiers were hiding in the grass Sebastian rang the bell at the castle gate. A servant came and opened it. The treacherous brother planted his foot on the threshold and whistled to the army, which crept past him in single file, on through the hall, and up the stairs towards the ducal apartments. When they were all in, Sebastian, leaving the door open, went to his brother's room, but on the landing outside he collided with the figure of a knight in armour and sent it crashing down the stairs. The palace woke in an uproar; the army turned and fled, dropping their toffee all down the stairs in their haste.

Maids, porters, Boots, cooks, Buttons, valets rushed out from their rooms. There were cries of "Stop thief!" "Murder!" but above these, resounding through the palace could be heard the howls of the lovely Miranda. In the midst of this awful uproar the Duke quietly came out of his room wearing his dressing-gown, carrying in his hand a treatise on magic, and on his nose his spectacles. He mildly asked his brother what this unseemly confusion meant. Sebastian recovered his equilibrium, took his brother by the hand, and said with tears in his eyes, 'Your foes seek your life, my brother. Come with me.'

"The two crept down to the waterside and there in a little boat found Miranda, who had been snatched up by one of Sebastian's followers, thrust into a bolster-case, and carried down to the seashore. Prospero, thinking deeply of his studies, heeded nothing till he found himself floating on the sea in an open boat, without another vessel in sight. Sebastian had promised to send a war ship and take him to some foreign land out of reach of his enemies, but, as you know, he had no intention of fulfilling his promise. Every time the boat rocked Miranda howled. For three days and three nights this went on, till even the Duke's patience was exhausted. He had tried to concentrate his mind on other things, but every time Miranda's howls interrupted his train of thought. He could bear her misery no longer, and snatched her up in his

arms ready to jump with her into the sea and end all. At this moment Miranda smiled.

"Prospero hadn't the heart to carry out his design, and with a sigh fell back into the boat, dropping his spectacles, to be smashed to atoms in the bottom of the boat. He got up, looked dazedly around, and saw in the midst of the vast expanse of water an island. The wind was blowing the boat past the island, but Prospero, remembering a magic spell he had learnt in his long studies, commanded the elements to bear him to the island.

"There goes the bell. We must stop there, children."

(Overheard at Hostel the same evening :

"You know my lesson on 'The Tempest?'—It went off beautifully. The children were ever so interested. I found afterwards I hadn't mentioned a word of the play; but that's a minor detail."

"I'm so glad. Was anybody critting?"

"No; but no one ever does come to hear my good lessons."

G. AND W.

QUOTATIONS APROPOS.

• • •

THE COLL. WHISTLE.

"'Tis a note of enchantment."

Wordsworth.

IN THE LIBRARY BEFORE TERMINALS.

"While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply."

Gray.

DURING TERMINALS.

"I'm wearing awa'."

Lady Nairn.

FRESHERS.

"I travelled among unknown men."

Wordsworth.

WHEN WE HEAR THAT A SOIRÉE MAY LAST
AN EXTRA HALF-HOUR.

"And are ye sure the news is true?"

Mickle.

TO THE HOSTEL GHOST.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit."

Shelley.

COLL. MAIDENS BEFORE SOIRÉE.

"Heat me these irons hot."

Shakespeare.

COLL. MEN.

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?"

Wither.

MISS M. K. G. AT FANCY DRESS PHYZ.

"She was a phantom of delight."

Wordsworth.

AT DEBATES.

"And, strange to tell, among that earthen lot
Some could articulate, and others—not."

Omar Khayyam.

WOMEN'S COMB BAND.

"Till we exclaim 'But where's music, the dickens?'"

Browning.

S-M-Y AT 1ST SELF-GOVERNMENT MEETING.

"He would be a-talking."

Shakespeare.

AT 2ND DITTO.

"Be nought awhile."

Shakespeare.

BI-LAB. PRACTICAL; "SPOT SLIDES."

"What thou art we know not."

Shelley.

"SET-BOOKS."

"And every margin scribbled, crost and crammed
With comment, densest condensation, hard
To mind and eye."

Tennyson.

SOUTHAMPTON WEST. APRIL 28TH, 1919.

"Journeys end in lovers' meeting."

Shakespeare.

ANY STUDENT "EXPLAINING" HIS ABSENCE.

"The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame."

Gray.

DREAM OF OUR JUNIOR REP.

"The applause of listening senates to command."

Gray.

JUNIOR REP.

"I prithee . . . run to the Senate House,—
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?"

"To know my errand."

Shakespeare.

MR. H-LM-S AT FANCY DRESS DANCE.

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?"

Milton.

PRAYER OF ANY STUDENT AT ANY TERMINAL.

" . . . to supply his instant use with so many talents."

Shakespeare.

SOME OF THE MEN OF THE U.C.S.

"What signifies the life o' man
An 'twere na for the lasses O!"

Burns.

AFTER A SOIREE.

"Art thou pale of weariness?"

Shelley.

MIXED CHORAL.

"I heard a thousand blended notes."

Wordsworth.

STUDENTS ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

"Away, away from men and towns
To the wild woods and downs."

Shelley.

AFTER TERMINALS.

"And many a heart has quailed with dread
And many a cheek is pale."

Anon.

MEMORIES OF A VISIT TO A FORTUNE-TELLER.

"He bent full low his turbaned head."

Old Ballad.

SINGING INSPECTION.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?"

Wordsworth.

8.15 ANY MORNING.

"Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head."

T. Hood.

THE SWOT.

"What are my books? My friends, my loves,
My church, my tavern, and my only wealth."

R. Le Gallienne.

SCHOOL DAYS COMPARED WITH COLL.

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still."

Cowper.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Get money ; still get money, man ;
No matter by what means ; money will do."

B. Jonson.

AN ENGINEER.

"Another lean, unwashed artificer."

Shakespeare.

CHEMICAL LAB.

"I counted two-and-twenty stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks."

Coleridge.

MY FIRST SOIRÉE.

"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !"

Gray.

YE TREASURER.

"I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee d——d first."

Canning.

'ERB.

"Sentiments ! Don't tell me of sentiment.
What have I to do with sentiment ?"

Murphy

YE GEOG. STUDENTS.

"Stands Scotland where it did ?"

Shakespeare.

DARBY'S VIEW.

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight."

Wordsworth.

EDUCATION TERMINALS.

"So to the 'barge' they came."

Tennyson.

JERRY.

"You yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm."

Shakespeare.

JOE ON THE BENCH.

"The cold neutrality of an impartial judge."

Burke.

M.C.R. TRIAL.

"Gently to hear, kindly to judge."

Shakespeare.

MR. I. W - LL - - MS.

"And she will sing the song that pleaseth you."

Shakespeare.

THE HOSTEL.

"A rendez-vous, a home to fly unto."

Shakespeare.

WOMEN STUDENTS AT DRILL.

"Stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us."

Shakespeare.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

"That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet."

Shakespeare.

"BILL."

"A prodigy of fear and a portent
Of broached mischief."

Shakespeare.

"Us."

"The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy."

Johnson.

AT THE U.C.S.

"You know how little while we have to stay,
And once departed may return no more."

Omar Khayyam.



FRIAR PECOCK, OF SOUTHAMPTON.

✱ ✱ ✱

THE fact of there being the two great Cistercian Abbeys of Netley and Beaulieu in the immediate neighbourhood of Southampton, and nearer still the alien Priory of St. Denys, an Augustinian foundation, a fragment of one of whose walls is still to be seen, might perhaps account for there having been but one religious house itself in Southampton in pre-Reformation days.

This house, of which not a vestige is now left, belonged to the Franciscan Observant Friars, a reformed branch of the great Franciscan Order, who possessed only six houses in England at the time of the Suppression of the Monasteries by Henry VIII. The site of the Southampton Observant Friars' church and other buildings is that now forming the lower end of Bugle Street, including the old Grammar School grounds at one side, and the modern Convent of the Franciscan Sisterhood at the other side of that street.

As related in Cardinal Gasquet's book, *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, out of the whole body of the English clergy none withstood that monarch's policy with greater fearlessness and pertinacity of purpose than the Franciscan Observants; and of these Friars those of the Greenwich House were the foremost and the boldest to condemn Henry's repudiation of his wife, Katherine of Arragon.

But, as this erudite author further writes, the Greenwich branch was not the only one which produced men with the courage of their convictions; and amongst these courageous Franciscans was Friar Pecock, the Warden or Guardian, i.e. the head, of the Southampton Observants.

"On Passion Sunday, March 22nd, of the year 1534 (as we find from Vol. I. of the above-named work, pages 169 *et seq.*), a certain Robert Cooke, of Rye, was ordered to abjure publicly in Winchester Cathedral, certain heresies he had maintained about the Blessed Sacrament. On that occasion Friar Pecock, of Southampton, was the preacher. He seized the opportunity to speak earnestly of this and 'other heresies.'" He eloquently exhorted the people to stand steadfast, even to death, in their ancient faith and practice. He then related the story of St. Maurice, who refused to execute his prince's commands when they were contrary to the law of God; but rather than resist his authority he preferred to suffer martyrdom. Friar Pecock went on to exhort the people to live and die animated by the same spirit. "Here are many hearers," he continued, "and they are not all of one capacity. Some there be that understand me, and some, peradventure, that understand me not, but otherwise do take me and shall report me that I do speak my mind." He then lamented the diversity of opinions that existed in England, especially as regarded the Pope. Some, he said, declared that St. Peter had no more power given him by God than the other apostles; and others that the Pope had no more power than a bishop of any other diocese: whilst others again taught that as a bishop was no more than a simple priest, so "consequently, the Pope had no more power than a simple curate." To prove this, he continued, people bought all kinds of books that were not to be believed. Then, taking up a volume which was beside him in the pulpit, he read to his audience five or six authorities on the Primacy of St. Peter, and translated the passages into English.

As Friar Pecock had foreseen, such bold and undisguised speaking was not allowed to pass without being reported to Cromwell, Henry's Vicar-General. This was done almost immediately, and at once John Perchard, the Mayor of Southampton, with others was directed to seize the preacher's person and convey him to London. For this purpose they went to the Convent of the Franciscan Observants at Southampton on the Wednesday in Easter week, but found that the Friar was still absent on his preaching rounds. They left orders for his immediate return, and a few days later they were able to send him under guard to London that Cromwell might himself examine into the matter. At the same time the Mayor and his coadjutor wrote "to beg all favour unto Pecock; for since his being here he has been of very good behaviour and keeps his Convent in order."

These testimonies to the Friar's worth apparently

obtained his release, as he is found at Southampton again a few months later.

He had then an experience of the troubles of the monastic Visitations the King had set on foot; and he was in doubt whether the course he had followed would not draw down upon him once more the anger of Henry and his minister. He consequently wrote at once to Cromwell to "avoid your and the King's displeasure," and told him what had occurred. "On the 15th of July," he says, "there came to us a father Black-friar, and without any authority took the keys from our porter and delivered them to one of his servants. Then by ringing the bell assembled us in the chapter-house, and said he was come as our Visitor by the King's authority, and read an instrument under seal, as he said, of my Lord of Canterbury, containing a 'transumpt' of the King's letters-patent, by which authority was given to Dr. Brown, provincial of the Austin Friars, and Dr. Hilsey, provincial of the Black Friars, to be Visitors. We took him to be Dr. Hilsey, for when I spoke with him in the town he did not deny it. We were willing to accept him as Visitor, but we found by chance by one of his servants that he was not named in the Commission, and was not Hilsey: Not knowing what to do we desired him to show his authority, and he showed us a letter to your Mastership, so illwritten that I could not read it plainly, under seal, as he said, of Hilsey: and knowing that he was a wise father and a good clerk, we did not believe it, but begged him to show us the first writing again to see whether Dr. Hilsey had any power to substitute. This he refused, and so we would not let him proceed; and he threatened us with the King's displeasure and yours."

This, however, was but a temporary respite; the suppression of the Friars went on apace. What Friar Pecock's ultimate fate was does not appear, but out of about two hundred of the Observant Friars cast without trial into prison, fifty died from the hardships of prison life; whilst several obtained leave to retire into France and Scotland, and others of them possibly passed over to Ireland. Amongst those who retired to France were the Franciscan Observants, and others in the Island of Guernsey. These Observants, rather than take the oath to hold Henry as Head of the Church, had given up their Convent in September, 1537. A correspondent of Cromwell wrote to him:—"I have called unto me all the Friar Observant strangers left in the Convent of St. Francis in the Isle of Guernsey, and ordered them immediately to take the oath. They refused, and asked to be allowed to cross over to Normandy, their natural country, saying that they would

rather forsake their convent and country than make such an oath." The writer adds "that he sent them over in a boat, and took possession of their goods, an inventory of which he enclosed.

Friar Pecock may have been one of those thus constrained to quit their native land for conscience' sake. His Convent at Southampton had still a brief span of existence before it, for it was one of the Religious Houses that were restored in Queen Mary's reign. This is evident from several entries in wills at this time. Thus John Tanner, of South Stoneham, bequeathed ten shillings on December 9th, 1558, to the Friars of Hampton. So, too, in the will of Charles Harrison, physician, of the Parish of Holyrood, Southampton, are the following items:—"My body to be buried in the Church of St. Francis in Southampton aforesaid: I give and bequeath to the Brethren of St. Francis' Rule, within the town of Southampton, forty shillings: also I give and bequeath all my books of philosophy, divinity, and stories (history) to the Friars Observant in Southampton, to the intent that they shall be and always remain in the library of the said Friars." This Charles Harrison must have been a man of substance, as he left his wife 256 ounces of plate and £60 in ready money. His will was dated October 5th, 1558.

The water-head still to be seen at Spring Hill Court remains as a monument of the industry of the Friars of Southampton. It was from this water-head, known as "le conduit hode," or Friars' Conduit, that the Friars took their water, by means of a large leaden pipe, to Archard's Bridge, where they built the water-house, remains of which still exist close to St. Peter's Church in Commercial Road, and from that bridge to their church in the town. The fountain at Spring Hill was granted to the Friars in 1290 by Nicholas de Barbeflet or de Shirlee.

A.L.K.

NOEL & Co.,
120-122, Above Bar,

Wish to announce that
they have a good supply of
COLLEGE BLAZERS now in stock.

THE FELICITY OF DISSECTING LUMBRICUS TERRESTRIS.

* * *

BEFORE beginning my dissertation it might be as well to state, for the advantage of the uninitiated, that the real meaning of my title is "The joy of cutting up earthworms."

Now, the occupation of cutting up earthworms appears, I am sure, a singularly unattractive one to most people—to appreciate it properly one must be educated up to it. There is, too, a great gulf fixed between the boy who cuts them up for the fun of seeing them squirm and the student who, after killing them nicely with chloroform, cuts them open and pins them down to a board. In the mind of the boy who cuts them up alive is cruelty—one of the lowest instincts of mankind. The student dissects in the interests of Science. After having many lectures on the life, behaviour and internal anatomy of an earthworm, and understanding it all theoretically, the student, if he or she is properly constructed with a desire for knowledge, experiences a peculiar joy in finding that all that which he has learnt during lectures is really carried out in the life of the animal. Now, with all due respect to the students of Arts, such practical discovery of interesting facts is impossible. Arts is, to use a plebian expression, to a great extent, pure "swot." An Arts student has no opportunity of fixing facts in his mind by a practical demonstration of them, and herein partly lies the superiority of Science over Arts; but into this extremely interesting question we will refrain from entering.

To return to our worms. Dissection is not nearly as messy as the uninitiated imagine. A worm when it has been washed in water is a perfectly clean animal, because the slimy substance known as mucilage, which renders the living worm so repulsive, has been partially, if not wholly, washed off. Another fact which renders the dead worm more attractive than its living brother is that its crawling has ceased. A furry caterpillar when it walks over one's hand produces quite a pleasing sensation, but a worm is an entirely different matter; it is so long, and crawls in such a slimy way that most people, and more especially the fair sex, can find no attraction about it whatever. Now, a dead worm doesn't crawl, and one soon gets used to touching it, though in reality one touches it very seldom. When the dissection is started, sharp instruments, pins and mounted needles eliminate the necessity of handling the despised *Lumbricus*.

First one cuts right through the skin on the ventral, that is, the lower, surface of the animal; then the skin, which is very thick and muscular, is pinned down on both sides and all the organs are exposed. Supposing the brain has to be obtained, and put on a slide for examination under a microscope, there is a little white cord which runs from one end of the body to the other on its lower surface. This is the nerve cord, and at the front end of it is the brain—not a complicated one containing the grey matter and convolutions of which everyone hears so much, but merely two tiny white objects carefully hidden from the eager eye of the embryo zoologist. To get the brain on to a slide is no easy matter. First one has to find it, and then take it away from its surroundings. It is an uncomfortable habit of examiners not to ask for the obvious things which anyone can do, but to wander round corners and go out of their way to embarrass students. This remark applies only to external examiners—those at the University College of Southampton are, of course, all, if not more, than they should be.

But this leads away from the worm, the true subject of this dissertation. To continue—

One must follow the nerve cord up to the brain and then part it carefully from its surroundings, to which it is often securely attached.

After clearing away many obstacles and much enveloping tissue the dissector at last triumphantly transfers the brain to a slide, and, after mopping his brow, examines the object, with bated breath, under the microscope, to find in all probability either that it is so mangled that its structure cannot be studied, or else that what he fondly imagined to be the brain is some totally different part of the animal's anatomy. After many similar disappointments imagine, if you can, the joy and satisfaction, the happy smile and heated brow of that student who succeeds in obtaining the right portion of the worm's anatomy at the right time. The flush of triumph dyes his cheeks for the rest of the day, he calls all passers-by to witness his victory, and he returns next morning, *punctually*, to continue his dissection, feeling a keenness and exhilaration which no tonic could possibly give. Dissection is therefore good for the student's health.

There is another interest in dissection which is not common to any other branch of study—it is this, the excitement of finding out what one has obtained, if it is not that which was required. For example: on hunting for one portion of the worm, a short time ago, one of the students

found a seta, or bristle, which is very difficult indeed to get when it is wanted.

The study of zoology and its attendant dissection is not to be recommended for people with weak hearts, for the intense and thrilling excitement which holds the student in its grip is very likely to bring on palpitations of the heart. At this point it might interest the reader to know that the worm is not content with one heart, but it has from five to seven *pairs* of hearts, and yet the worm is regarded as a cold and unexciting animal. It is vastly underrated!

Nothing encourages appreciation of Nature so much as the minute study of natural organisms, and it has been my object in this little essay to prove to the sceptical that the earthworm is an exceedingly interesting animal, and that dissection is quite as interesting and a far less cruel sport than hunting, for example. The animals used are killed quickly and painlessly, and the interest begins for the student when the animal is dead, while the hunter finds his pleasure in frightening a poor harmless creature and subjecting it to a pursuit which means a taxing of all its powers and a cruel death at the end.

Yet another purpose of mine has been to prove that the person, if any, who said "Nobody loves me; I shall go into the garden and eat worms" would have been much more sensible had he said "I shall go into the garden and dissect worms," for in dissection he would have found an interesting, nay, absorbing, occupation, and would have forgotten, for a short time at least, the sad lack of affection in his lonely life.

V. I. E.



LAPSUS LINGUAE. X X

v v v



THERE are four five shillings in a year,
aren't there?

Prof. Lyttell.

King Arthur's disastrous culinary experi-
ment.

Miss Steel.

A simple double decomposition.

Dr. Boyd.

And Prof. Shelley took off his shirt sleeves.

Miss Fox.

Bad beer is a serious matter.

Dr. Horrocks.

I have been painting asbestos berries all the morning.

Miss Odell.

PB is parallel to PB ; in fact it is *not* parallel, but it *is* PB.

Mr. Davis.

I rarely get up twice on the same morning.

Miss Adams.

Forty-eight farthings at a halfpenny each, how much do
they cost?

Miss Hinton.

He could not establish his argument on a firm basin.

Miss Prydderch.

I must just run down the engineers.

Prof. Stansfield.

Quickly, please !—make an oval circle !

Miss Moon.

The geography book tells us what it ought to be, and the
encyclopædia as it is.

Miss Wooley.

Take your head and shoulders with you, please.

Miss Julian.

He wrote it down with his dying breath.

Miss Headington.

You pull those kind of blinds up to pull them down.

Miss Steel.

This water is pale black.

Miss Wallis.

I was brought up on '18.

Prof. Stansfield.

I have here a sample of Hydriodic Acid, somewhat similar to Hydrochloric Acid. I can now show that it is not Hydriodic Acid.

Prof. Boyd.

In ninety-nine cases out of ten.

Mr. Ford.

I like to watch the thunder.

Miss Sears.

Take any two points: for example, my two fingers.

Prof. Cock.

This airship has *two lower halves* and *one upper half*.

Prof. Eustice.

One foot is called a monometer.

Miss Aubrey.

His *mother* was a *Scotchman*.

Mr. Wright.

Not a light was heard.

Mr. Harris.



THAT Miss Marks is preserving her Needlework Scheme in Thermogene curative wadding!

THAT one of the men students knitted himself a pair of cuffs.

THAT there is an attraction towards the Lake District.

THAT Mr. W-L-s should be elected "Our Foreign Correspondent."

THAT Miss Cawthra had 'flu.

THAT Hostelites *have* been known to get up early (in Terminal Time).

THAT Miss Thorne *once* arrived at French *without* indulging in a bicycle accident *en route*.

THAT local papers did not show due respect to the gentleman with the walking-stick.

THAT "Nestles" ought to conduct the Choral Society.

THAT singing in the Hall has become a popular pastime.

THAT a woman was once told to "go home and read Aristotle's Ethics."

THAT "Biscuits" took the bun.

THAT "we are seven" and Mr. Dove.



CHEMISTRY LABORATORY.

Things we ask;

▼ ▼ ▼

IF "Joe" really wanted to drop Chemistry?

If Mr. C - - t - - o found the silver coinage debased?

How much the discovery cost him?

If certain "demobs" were accommodated in soap boxes in lieu of lockers?

If tripods evaporate on exposure to the air?

Why it is easy to prophesy "Mr. C - - t - - o may be expected at any minute?"

Why "Teddy" never weighs on Mondays?

Why "Skinney's" split lip healed so nicely during the Easter vac.?

What is Miss Hunt's new formula for chloroform?

If Sister Mary would recognise *that* smell again?

If Ralph wears that smile in his sleep?

SHAKESPEARE AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

* * *

APRIL 23RD, 1564, in the sweet old country town of Stratford-on-Avon was just a beautiful spring morning. The quiet old town which lay beside the Avon's banks had the same appearance on that morning as upon any other. The sun rose punctually and quietly, the street dogs were busy picking up scraps in the roadway, performing the office of the present-day human street scavengers. The few old shops in High Street and Wood Street swung open their shutters on rusty, creaky hinges. A herd of lazy kine sauntered slowly down the Rother Street on their way to the milking shed. Early morning travellers entering the town from any one point of the compass observed the blue wood-fire smoke curling slowly towards the sky.

But one thing happened upon this very morning, for John and Mary Shakespeare were the proud possessors of a new-born son. The event had some importance, as John was a man of substantial position. But those fond parents never knew that in their arms they bore the greatest poetic genius the world has ever seen. The "Bard of Avon" we at home delight to call him, as he sang the songs of Nature as no other ever has sung them.

I write as one who has sat upon the seat where Shakespeare sat in school, where he learnt his "little Latin and less Greek." At the dear old Grammar School of Holy Cross, standing now as Shakespeare knew it, the Prince of Poets had his schooling. We know very little of him as a boy; mere gossip tales of him as a youth, but I can see Shakespeare in his writings. I see him as a schoolboy "creeping like a snail unwillingly to school." Dull books and the harsh old schoolmaster, Holofernes, never attracted him. He preferred to be alone with Nature in the sweet and sunny fields, and this is why we get;

Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks.

And I see him standing in the meadows and saying:

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at the springs
In chaliced flowers that lies

and he would hasten on, and inwardly would muse:

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
The nodding violet and the oxslip grows.

And so I might proceed and show how this great master poet knew the whole realm of nature. But students are familiar with his greatness. So I leave it there. A few local incidents, however, may be noted.

Shakespeare undoubtedly set his scenes in surrounding places. While out in the country at a small town named Bidford-on-Avon, at a distance of eight miles from Stratford, he is said to have entered a drinking bout with some of the inhabitants. He was hopelessly beaten, and dubbed the town "drunken Bidford." The story further adds that he fell asleep on the roadside on the way home on the night in question, held to be Saturday. He did not wake till Monday morning, and, upon so doing, soundly rated some harvesters for working on a Sunday.

At a small village—Wixford—he found many Roman Catholics, and so dubbed it "Papist Wixford." And at Exhall, near there, he is said to have dodged the watchman, and so "dodging Exhall." In fact, a whole string of villages occur in a stanza attributed to him, as follows:

Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Piping Pehworth, dancing Marston,
Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggary Broom and drunken Bidford.

I do not vouch for the popular belief that Shakespeare wrote that, but it is purely local. And I could go on, space permitting.

The great poet's last house was destroyed by fire, and those who visit Stratford may see the foundations at New Place, Chapel Street. From here he was laid to rest in the beautiful parish church of Holy Trinity, a building with many sacred and personal memories for me. And on the poet's tomb, beneath the great and beautiful altar, we find these words:

Good friend, for Jesu's sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be the man who spares these stones,
But cursed be he that moves my bones.

And the familiar verse:

Stay passenger, why goest thou so fast?

Whatever may be said for the belief that "Bacon is Shakespeare," to live in Stratford-on-Avon and its surroundings seems to convince one that Shakespeare is Shakespeare.

J. C. W.

THE "TELLER" AND THE "TOLD."

* * *

1. *Eight* little Juniors waiting in a row—
Each declares another shall be first to go!
2. *Seven* little Juniors—one's already in,
Ordeal now enduring, parting with her "tin."
3. *Six* little Juniors, talking all at once:
"Cleverest fortune-teller been in town for months."
4. *Five* little Juniors, eager to be "told"
"Long live Madame Yvonne, worth her weight in gold."
5. *Four* little Juniors, listening open-eyed—
"Yes, she told me everything that will e'er betide."
6. *Three* little Juniors, looking at their cash:
"My last 'bob'—it's worth it; 'tisn't *really* rash."
7. *Two* little Juniors, holding hands in fright:
"Says she's told the Past and Present absolutely right."
8. *One* little Junior, shivering in a funk,
Feeling rather "quakey".—shows a lot of spunk.
9. *No* little Junior left to rag—"some" rage—
Yvonne fit to split with laughter—exit from the stage!



THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

+ + +

WHAT the young lady's feelings were when told to read Aristotle's ethics.

What John picked up outside the Tobacco Factory.

Where the difficulty lies in eating rattlesnakes.

If there is not a superflux somewhere.

EDUCATION IN A PART OF THE ARMY.

THE Armistice was signed, and we all, of course, had visions of a more or less speedy return to "Blighty." But it was not to be so. The powers that were decreed that such a thing was not possible, and we were informed that "some of you may not be home for another year."

It was at last realised that soldiers are, at least to a certain extent, intelligent beings, and so we received a deluge of "Orders" and lectures telling us "why" it was impossible for us to go home. One brainy person actually discovered that "someone must be last, and therefore you must be patient." All this was very amusing and interesting, since it had previously been assumed that "ours was not to reason why."

We were not, however, to be idle during our enforced stay abroad, for great schemes were under way for the education of the Army whereby we might improve the shining hour. Education Officers (hereinafter known as E.O's.) were appointed for each division, and lesser education officers (also known as E.O's) were appointed for each battalion, and in some cases for each company, the only qualification for this post being apparently that you were the man who knew least about the job. Each E.O. was given a clerk, and then for several weeks the various officials were busy holding conferences and arranging schemes which were, to say the least, ambitious. Reams of paper were used in sending out orders and counter-orders, instructions and "chits." Companies were paraded day after day in order that lists might be compiled showing men's occupations, courses of study desired, etc., until eventually excellent, detailed schemes were ready—on paper.

In my own company there were three teachers, and we were appointed instructors. Interviews with the E.O. (one of the lesser type) showed that such minor details as blackboards, chalk, writing materials, etc., had been entirely overlooked, or dismissed with "Oh, we shall be able to find that when we need it." At last we were able to persuade our "Local Authority" that such practical details were as necessary as splendid schemes on paper, and so more "chits" were written ordering blackboards, etc., to be made by the battalion carpenters.

On December 23rd a definite start was made, and we held

an examination of the company in order to arrange classes, but we got no further, as our blackboards had not yet arrived. After a few days we received our blackboards, but, despite the fact that numerous "chits" were written from one E.O. to his next superior, and so on, each adding his own quota, until I imagine the request reached G.H.Q., by which time our modest two-lined note had probably grown to enormous size. We were unable to obtain any chalk.

During this time we were receiving each week a very elaborate form, to be used as a "Return," showing various details of our work, with a large column for "progress made." Our usual reply, giving a "*Nil* return," and stating reasons, was met with the demand that, chalk or no chalk, "efforts *must* be made to commence instruction by next week."

Continued requests for material brought us one stick of chalk, broken in two pieces, accompanied by instructions to "use carefully." We were now able to make a start, for we had about enough chalk to display notices on the blackboards stating that classes would commence, and then we were again without chalk, and hence classes did not commence.

The following week, toward the end of January, two of the teaching staff were ordered for demobilisation, and so we left the third man to carry on the noble work which was still "waiting to commence," while numerous clerks and E.O's. were writing numerous "chits" with reference to our request for chalk—and there ended our experience of education in our part of the Army.

The third and only remaining instructor expected to be "demobbed" after a few days, and I have often wondered if the later "chits" with reference to chalk required also contained an "indent" for instructors who would be required for the classes when the much-desired chalk arrived.

A. G. D.



A DAY IN COLLEGE.

* * *

"O HAPPY IF YE LABOUR."

LATE FOR 1ST LECTURE.

"What various hindrances we meet."

LECTURER, STILL LATER.

"Late in time behold him come."

ZOOLOGY (dissection).

"Christian, dost thou see them,
How they work within?"

DOG FISH.

"Christian, come and smell their fragrance."

MECHANICS.

"O what can little hands do?"

BOTANY.

"God, who made the daisies?"

CHEMISTRY.

"The reeking tube and iron shard."

ONE O'CLOCK HOOTER.

"Hark, the glad sound!"

BATHE.

"And linger shivering on the brink
And fear to launch away."

WEEKLY TEST.

"Lest we forget! lest we forget!"

PHYSICAL DRILL.

"With joy upon our heads we rise."

CHORAL.

"Let Saints on earth in concert sing."

END OF THE AFTERNOON.

"And with what joy they went away."

EVENING—SWOT.

“Christian, seek not yet repose.”

CLOSING THOUGHT—IF I GET THROUGH.

“Oh what the joy and the glory must be!”

GOEBLI!

“O bind us in that heavenly chain.”

L. B., M. M.



HISTORY. x x x

* * *

WHAT a magnificent drama lives in the glittering pages of our great historians. After listening to the anxious consultations of counsellors, the persuasive accents of Statesmen and the mutterings of conspirators, we hear the decisions of leaders, the bold threats of rebels,—the issue is joined, there is blast of trumpets, a roll of drums.

In storm, thunders and lightning, the crisis rolls by. With calm ensuing voice the master tells us the inner meaning of the hubbub, the basal facts emerge. Right is justified, Evil “danged down to hell,” homage is rendered. The oracle has spoken.

At first, patriotic Britons, we advance into the waves to repel the haughty Roman; donning leather, we fight the good fight at Hastings; in mail we harry the Frenchman; rollicking seamen in boats, we pass loot down the sides of the Spanish galleons and grip Neptune’s trident for our native land.

Then we come to our noble selves. History reaches right down to the immediately preceding moment of our particular day, and here we are, skipping ahead of it, busy as ever, developing material for the historian’s practised hand.

At this point, however, watching the web as it is wove, the acts near and exactly in focus to us all, we discover that the historian's idea of a focus is somewhere beyond all time and space, before beginning and past end. We discover factions on the Bench, bribery and corruption, self-interest, truculence, rebellion, conspiracy, elation, chagrin, defeat, racial and social animosities, even in the sacred ranks of the *élite*.

We find false dealers of cards, false counters of tricks. The historian is noted to be also in the game. He is no longer a high spectator, austere and aloof,—he tips the wink; he writes to the Press. Ye gods! He pays rates and grumbles at them. He is in it up to the neck—a violent partisan, the most prating of all involved. We discover his oracular deliverances to be as subtle and misleading as those of the ancients. His words prove not to mean what Simple Simon might imagine them to mean. Democracy, it appears, means Modern Capitalism. Liberty is declared to be in peril each time anyone asks for title-deeds. Justice proves to be simply anything a judge likes to tell us or inflict on us. Religion is this, or it is that, or the other. Red-hot against the wretch who profiteers at your expense; hotter still against the miscreant who robs the society lady of her highly-valued and much-advertised jewels. You can still hear of a murder in Tierra del Fuego, can't you, without becoming overheated—nay, find amusement in it if the thing be but well brought off. Stage it in Mars, it no longer interests you at all. It has gone clean out of focus. The causes are too remote, the personalities too vague, the whole thing so much in the-air, you would hesitate concerning the rights and wrongs of it! With the feelings and powers of a God it were possible; but then you are only Simple Simon and do not wish to forestall the Final Judge and the Judgment Day. Anyhow, let the dead Martians bury their dead.

Is the dead Martian any more remote, though, than Julius Cæsar, Cleon or Socrates? You will find your historians gorgeous over each of these. They can overmaster Cæsar, out-rant Cleon, out-reason Socrates—yea, out-Herod Herod. Each is, at his most, oraculous. Though all differ, all are cocksure. Judgment day is already over, nought remains save a few little up-to-date cases in chambers, which the authorities are also hard at work on and will soon settle if that confounded opponent can be brought to see the error of his ways and assume the robe of penance.

The historian, then, differs from the ordinary mortal in his different focus. Calm, clear-eyed, absolutely impartial, he

sees like an eagle the depths of the past; he ranges afar to every clime, dispensing justice like an arbiter from another world.

Track him home, he is discovered to be the least calm, the most partisan and virulent, the most lop-sided of men. He is most often what you would term a crank, impatient of the littleness of his insignificant contemporaries.

His lauded writings, you learn, have been composed from the standpoint of a Pilgrim Father, a Doukhobor, a convinced Zarathustran, a Eugenist, Chauvinist, a Chewing-gummer, and, revised each time, awkward facts appear that must be subdued and assimilated to his gospel.

You see at once he is badly out of focus. For that reason you never go to a historian for advice on recent, present or future events. You would rather ask a policeman, or talk it over with the missus, or even have a chat about it with the barber while he is deciding how much to take off your cowlick.

Your sure guide through the ages is left on the shelf at last. You discover each man to be his own proper and best historian. Julius Caesar, you notice, thought so in his day, and therefore wrote his own history, a wonder to all men. Perhaps I will write mine some day,—then again, perhaps not, for I know you would be shocked!

A.E.



IMPRESSIONS AT THE S.C.U. CONFERENCE, BUCKS.

A BIBLE STUDY CONFERENCE was held in connection with the Student Christian Union Movement for women's colleges in the South of England from April 2nd—8th, at Old Jordan's Hostel, in Bucks. Impressions that one would receive on such an occasion are altogether too many for words, and many may be forgotten, but some are bound to remain for all time.

What a great opportunity and what an experience this week afforded! St. Mark's Gospel formed the chief study, under the guidance of Mr. Emmett, of Oxford. Mr. Martin's lectures on the "Background of the Bible" opened up for

most of us new fields of thought, and awakened us to a new and fuller appreciation of those great early books of the Bible. Mr. Emmett in the light of much modern thought and research gave us a far clearer insight into the mysteries of St. Mark's Gospel, and set us out on a quest for the living historical Christ. The evening lectures were truly memorable. Mr. Raven, of Cambridge, spoke to us on Prayer, Mr. Paton quickened our missionary interest in India, and Mr. Martin spoke on Social Problems. On the last evening Mr. Emmett gave us a "quietening down." Assuredly we needed it, for in only a week how impossible it was to straighten out our tangled thoughts. We had become desperate in our quest for knowledge, and felt that the time was fast going and we should go away with nothing definite in our minds. Our friend assured us that it was well for a band of such enthusiasts to be thus stirred, and our going away, let us hope, would be the *beginning* of far greater things for our colleges and ourselves.

"What about the place of meeting, itself?" you say. Well, its historic interest, beyond anything else, would provide material for a good-sized volume. To say a little about it:—Jordan's Hostel was originally a farmhouse, which dates back to the 17th century. Numbers of Friends, or Quakers, met here for worship, and oftentimes they were violently disturbed by officers of the law and their meetings broken up. The Conventicle Act hit them pretty hardly, but in spite of all the persecution they still continued their meetings. The present Meeting House, which is near the farm, was built in 1688, and is closely associated with the name of William Penn, the famous Quaker, who is buried close by. After a period during which meetings were discontinued, the Meeting House was opened again in May, 1910, and Old Jordan's Farm, hallowed by many precious memories of the early times, was purchased by a company of Quakers and was rebuilt. The kitchen and the principal room of the house have remained unspoilt. The huge barn was set into good order for use as a lecture hall, and the stables were turned into refectory, kitchen, and dormitories for the use of Summer Conferences, etc. We were all glad to make use of the simple and homely conditions of life amid surroundings of quiet beauty and the hospitality of real good folk.

The Conference was 40 all told, and the fact that our numbers were so small seemed to make it far easier to know each other better. The spirit of true comradeship made all feel happy. To those of us who were just beginning to tread new paths and explore fresh regions of thought the whole

thing was a supreme opportunity. Why should we be afraid to tackle our lecturers with the most formidable questions? They always listened, and we at most times felt much more relieved after unburdening our minds, and the Study Circles made many things all the more plain by reason of the opportunity of catching the lecturers again!

Nor could we leave them alone at the meal times. Anything from "Jazz bands" to "Absorption into the Infinite" was discussed with equal vigour. Only did the terrible noise issuing from each dining-room cease when at almost every meal "H." got up to give out a notice of some sort, even if it were only to say that he was afraid the people in Dormitory I. weren't getting sufficient rest—they seemed rather hilarious last night!

After the evening lectures no one would feel that the hour for retiring had come. Why not start again? And on all sides little groups of eager questioning souls and poor lecturers would be seen walking up and down that stone-flagged courtyard, or seated before a glorious log fire in the quaint old kitchen or "fireside-room" in search of answers which were not always forthcoming. Many did not find rest before the "very witching hour," and then *not* to sleep. How could a band of students whose very brains were addled after all the discussion of the day find sleep? Some people must have felt the weight of their trials very keenly for their camp beds to break in half! Still they would only fall to rise again, because there was a goodly store of beds away in the recesses of the dormitory.

The hilarious side of the gathering was by no means missing. In fact, the happy blending of the serious and the mirthful was one of the chief features of that all-too-short week. The discussions after the lectures gave us a good deal of amusement, though, above all, they made one think, and many said they felt like a huge question mark! After a day or two the talent of certain of the company was forthcoming. This culminated in a variety of impromptu scenes from Shakespeare. Had we ever laughed so much? The sight of Romeo serenading Juliet at the kitchen window with something akin to a frying pan for a fiddle made one feel rather sorry for Juliet! Romeo could have had nine lives had he only taken water poured from one of the dormitory washing jugs!

By the end of the week everyone began to feel just a little tired, but no one wanted to see the end of it. But we had been given the start in thinking of very many things. Our

lecturers had done much for us, and had given us as much as possible. What mattered it if we still had hazy ideas about the doctrine of the Trinity, or the accepting of the authenticity of the miracles recorded in the gospels. We all had come away with something far greater than before, and a desire to get to the bottom of those things which occupy so much of modern thought.

The *real* spirit of the Student Movement can be wholly felt at such meetings as at Jordan's and Swanwick. Swanwick and the like will answer what you desire and will also give you the challenge, and there are people in Coll. who will tell you quite a lot about the C.U. The students of our colleges have a great opportunity to obtain those things which the Church of to-day fails to give us. Why not, then, after finding ourselves, make a bold dash into the future and fight? Let us play up well and make the C.U. and the spirit of the whole movement a really great thing in *our* Coll.

D. W.



RECOLLECTIONS OF SWANWICK, 1918:

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SWANWICK! That word is enough to recall to those who have been there sacred memories of a happy and never-to-be-forgotten week spent among its green fields and slopes and impressions of it which no words can ever adequately express. The only way to realize what Swanwick means to the members of the Student Christian Movement who visit it is to go and find out. Swanwick was a revelation to us. We went there expecting great things after what we had heard from those who had been, but we experienced greater.

When we arrived on July 16th we were all given badges on which we wrote name, college, and course, to avoid the necessity of formal introductions. It was remarkable how many people we could get to know in a few days at Swanwick, and when we separated it seemed scarcely possible that we had known each other for so short a time. But Swanwick gave us fine opportunities for seeing the best in everybody, and there was a spirit of fellowship which, as we were told at the opening meeting, was "one of the richest things to be found there."

The day usually commenced by taking a place in the

"bath queue," except for those who were energetic enough to avoid the necessity of this by getting up at 5.30 or 6 a.m., or who preferred to wait until later in the day for this luxury. After breakfast there was a rush for letters, and then we proceeded to the Conference Hall for "Intercessions," which were followed by interesting lectures on various subjects—apologetic, social and special lectures arranged for the different faculties. Most of these were given in the Conference Hall. The afternoon was usually free for recreation, and the last lecture was given in the evening.

There were several tennis courts in the grounds which could be used when the weather would permit, and there was usually music in the reading-room during the afternoon, so that we were not at a loss for entertainment on wet days. On Wednesday an expedition to the coal mine at Butterley was arranged. The representatives of Southampton intended to join this, but when we set out the others had been on the way for some minutes. We crossed the fields at full speed and scrambled over the stiles in an effort to overtake them, but we could see no signs of the party when we reached the pit's mouth. A heavy shower completed that afternoon's chapter of misfortunes, and we were obliged to go back to "The Hayes" and wait there for the return of the party.

"Sports Day" was arranged for Friday, and we all assembled in front of the house to see and enjoy the flower-pot races, bicycle race, pillow-fights and other events. This gave a fine opportunity for the representatives of the different colleges to exercise their powers of making themselves heard above the rest. Everyone made good use of it.

Everything seemed to breathe peace at Swanwick, and we almost forgot for a little while the turmoil in the world outside, except when a khaki-clad figure or a speaker's reference to the great tragedy reminded us of it. Swanwick gave us a glimpse of the ideal, not as impossible of attainment, but as a possible, if distant, end. There was something which made many of those who sang "Jerusalem" at the meetings in the Conference Hall utter the last lines as a solemn vow:

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

"Goblio! Gee! Goblio! Gee!" We reached Butterley Station on Monday morning just in time to get into a carriage and shout the College war cry as the train steamed out of the station leaving Swanwick behind.

V. C.

TO THE EFFECT THAT STUDENTS SHOULD BE IN RECEIPT OF WAGES.

* * *

The Speaker having been introduced by the Chairman, by means of a fairly complete biography starting from the day regarding which somebody wrote "I remember, I remember, etc." up to the time of entering the meeting (when the door-keeper nearly ejected him in mistake for a lab. boy), it was moved by one, seconded by another, and carried by a majority of several, that he be allowed to speak on the above headline. Several amendments were proffered and two recounts demanded, (from which it may be inferred that several members of the Senate were present—Herlock Sholmes, Edt.) but the motion emerged triumphant, and the speaker found that he had left exactly five minutes in which to utter his beliefs, (from which it may be further inferred that there was a committee present, and the meeting an English one.—Bexton Slake, Sub. Edt.)

The Speaker commenced by uttering the one word "Reconstruction!" (prolonged applause from the Studs. gallery.) He stated that this was no new idea, it having originated during the War (cries of "Explain!") He appealed to his audience if someone in a very unstable dug-out had not said, "Reconstruction, Alf? A little of that on account wouldn't do us any harm!" But he allowed that it was usually coupled with the phrase "after the war." He who hesitates is lost ("Bravissimo!"), and the present was now. What he meant to assert was that "after the war" was present tense, but if allowed to remain would always be in the future. He hoped he was understood. (Cries of "Go on!" "Continue!") In other words, students should be *paid now!* (Great disorder, deafening medley of Goblis, "He's a jolly good fellow," etc., *ad lib.*) For more than four years of war men had been paid a daily sum for doing *rien du tout*. (A Sergt.-Major: "Steady, my lad.") Or rather, he corrected himself, "for rattooing." (Loud cheers from the demobilized Bench). Now, he asked, what were those men to do on returning to college life (cry of "Nothing!")—they who had become so used to the art of spending? Some had even taken unto themselves wives (cries of "Shame!") The Staff of Life was issued at the Mint, and it must not be taken from these men.

Further, these men were now working (Member of the Senate: "Impossible!") and pray, he asked, in what other

branch of the community did work go unpaid? Nowhere, he was assured. Indeed, there were at that time thousands of men drawing "out-of-work pay." Gentlemen, (cry of "Withdraw!") what a contradiction in terms! Paid for being out of work! Never, he said, never (echoes, "Never, never, never!") let it be said that a student's occupation was classified a lower grade than this. If there was ever an opportunity of reconstruction before us this was one. Other departments paled before it. Would they have the lower classes educated?—then the labourer's wife would use Ronuk, on which her husband's nailed boots would slip, causing his leg to break, through which he would draw "out-of-work pay." Or teach the man in the street the theories of evolution?—then would he develop his bicycle from his father's "bone-shaker," evolved through the introduction of ball-bearings, pneumatic tyres, each new make, thanks to this or that better adaptation, being eminently successful in surviving against its kindred but less developed competitors in the struggle for existence! He allowed it was true that grants were paid (furious uproar from the Studs' bench, with loud cries of "Never!"); but that was not the point, for these were the days of the living wage, every labourer being worthy of his hire. Were they going to sit by and see lean, haggard students painfully drag their way into lecs.? ("Never! never!" from the studs., with mental eyes on the bun-shop).

He trusted, in conclusion, that his 14 points would receive the humane consideration they deserved.

A combined exodus from M.C.R. and W.C.R. in an attempt to chair the speaker broke up the meeting.

POULET.



SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

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AFTER a lapse of nearly two years the Scientific Society resumed its activities during the Lent term. It was arranged that lectures should take place on alternate Monday evenings, in the Chemistry Theatre, instead of on Tuesdays as had hitherto been the custom.

The first lecture, on "Gas Warfare," given by Mr. W. V. Stubbings on February 24th was well attended, and his audience was deeply interested in the description of the methods and work of the Chemists' Section in the war.

On March 10th Mr. Eastwood delivered a lecture on the "Depths of the Sea." He dealt with the conditions and life of the ocean depths in a clear and humorous fashion, and deepened the interest of those present by the specimens of sea inhabitants which he passed round for inspection.

The third and final lecture of the term was given by Professor Eustice on March 24th on "Aeroplanes and Airships." He explained in a simple and concise way how the modern aeroplane and airship had evolved, from very small beginnings, and described the various types of machine now in use. Lantern slides and models helped to make the subject more clear to those who had not hitherto studied it.

B. E. H.



DEBATING SOCIETY. x x

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The Debating Society this session has revived somewhat and shows promise of interesting developments. The first General Meeting took place on Feb. 28th when Mr. Dudley took the chair. The subject "That as a preparation for life, an Arts Course is preferable to a Science course" aroused considerable interest and brought a good attendance. The chief speakers, Messrs Osborn, Steel, Taylor and Miss Wooley threw many lights on College work and organization and stimulated some thought as to the function of study. The voting ran as follows:—

For Arts	28 votes.
For Science	37 ..

The second General Meeting was held on March 14th, when our President (Prof. E. S. Lyttel) took the chair. The subject of the debate was of a somewhat different character:—

"This House considers that the idea of a League of Nations, in so far as it aims at substituting national self-abnegation for national self-determination is neither practicable nor desirable."

The chief speakers, Messrs. Wyatt and Holland, Misses Wallis and Grant treated the subject from several points of view and offered some suggestions as to the relative values of national and world life. It was to be regretted that the wording of the resolution offered a stumbling block

to clear thinking in that those who spoke had evidently not grasped its precise meaning. The after discussion revealed some promising debaters whom, it is to be hoped, will maintain their enthusiasm for one of the most exhilarating of College activities.

An interesting feature for this term is the forthcoming Inter Varsity Debate to be held at Reading on Saturday May 24th, when Bedford, Birmingham, Bristol and other Colleges are to discuss the merits to the world of flying. Our own College is sending two delegates.

M. W.



THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

* * *

THE SESSION 1918-19 has been a particularly busy one for the Christian Union.

The Committee Members felt that the Fresher's Welcome Tea was a success and looked forward to a full year's work in the way of Study Circles for Men and Women Students. The Fresher's Tea opened with a Photographic Baby Show which provided much amusement and interest. Students were able to ponder on their fellows as tender little ones, think of the present and hope better things for the future! Before the tea was concluded Miss Steel spoke to the students on the C.U. and its place in College life. Professor Cock emphasised the appeal and spoke to the men on the value of Study Circles. A short speech was given by Miss Julian on the activities of the C.U. in College and this was followed by a vivid account of Swanwick by Miss Grant. A thrilling fantasy was then given by the Hartley Graphic Film (!) entitled "The Don's Daughter, or The Fantasy That Never Was." The next social evening was spent on the occasion of Mr. Murray's visit on February 12th. The Committee had a very short time in which to arrange the programme. The Hostel Orchestra, however, proved invaluable, and a solo from Miss Thorne and Mr. Browning's pianoforte solos helped to make an interesting evening. As the Social had to end at 7 o'clock there was only time for a few dances. On February 22nd a Whist Drive and Dance was held in order to raise funds for Finance Week. A large number of present and past students as well as several visitors were present. The prizes for the Whist Drive were presented by Miss Steel and the Committee Members wish to thank Miss Aubrey, Miss Moore, Miss Steel and Mr. Steel for so kindly giving the prizes. Money for Finance Week was also raised by the sale of oranges in the M.C.R. and Oxo in the Hall. Miss Sorabji visited us on February 26th and after having tea in the Hall the students had a very interesting lecture in the W.C.R. on "The Need of India." Mrs. Talbot gave a helpful address to the Women Students at the Hostel on March 5th. A Corporate Communion Service was held in St. Mary's Church on March 7th and was conducted by the Bishop of Winchester. Canon Mitchell gave four very interesting Divinity Lectures during the Lent Term on "The Early Narratives of the Book of Genesis." Throughout the session the Prayer Meetings have been well attended and we were pleased to welcome back to College Mr. Steel, Mr. Jago and other men students who have shown interest in the C.U. We wish to thank Miss Moore very much for the help she has given the Committee Members and a few men students in leading the Missionary Study Circles, "The Goal of India"

was found to be very interesting and we heartily wish Miss Moore every success in her future work as a missionary. Miss Steel was also kind enough to lead a few Social Study Circles and the book "Across the Bridges" was most helpful. Five delegates from College were sent to the Summer Conference at Swanwick last July. Four delegates went to the Officers Conference, Miss Grant, Miss Carter, Mr. Cochrane, Mr. Lake, Miss Steel and Miss Julian went to the Training College Conference. We are expecting a visit from Mr. Hugh Martin assistant secretary, on May 23rd. He will give a lantern lecture on Swanwick, and we hope he will succeed in rousing the enthusiasm of the men so that as many as possible will try to visit Swanwick this year. E.L.J.

The Men's Circles started at the beginning of last term, and since it was not considered that there remained sufficient time to use a book, discussions were held during most weeks of term. Subjects were asked for, and these being forthcoming the discussions were led by several who very kindly offered their services. All thanks to them. We talked of such things as Unity, the desirability of Foreign Missions, etc. Our time was short, but the attendance good, and, what is more, those who came, came to take part. It was particularly refreshing to find some who held strong "minority" views come along and say so, and we trust they derived as much benefit therefrom as we did.

During the "open-air" term little could be done by the society as such. Prayer Meetings have been held every Tuesday, and meeting thus, even for a few moments, as a body before the Mercy-Seat of the Father of us all, we put a sanctity over our work and College life which is, to say the least, *worth while*. During the war the attendance at these meetings has grown past precedent. Is there less need now?

C.R.S. Men's Secretary.



COMMON ROOM NOTES.

WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM.

THE W.C.R. remains, as ever, that blissful baven of refuge wherein we take our well-deserved repose in the intervals between lectures.

At the beginning of the session it was found necessary to punish in the usual manner several youthful offenders, who showed too much zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, inasmuch that they dared even to attempt to profane the W.C.R. by swotting there.

During the first term one of the men students,—a fresher who had offended in the matter of tie and socks, was received bound into our midst. After he had been well scrutinised by about sixty pairs of eyes, a maiden graciously unbound him, on the usual condition—that he should make a speech. Then behold that bold youth referring to our W.C.R. as a "den of lions!" Lucky for him that he was unbound first.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays the Common Room is the scene of quiet and orderly activities, for on those days do not the Hostel Students consume their grub there?

On one occasion we even witnessed a wedding within our walls, but "tell it not in Gath."

During the Christmas term we had a well attended Phiz. tea in the Common Room, and during last term we had the pleasure of listening to a most interesting lecture on India, from Miss Sorabji there.

D. B.

MEN'S COMMON ROOM.

This session, as one would expect, has been a renaissance as far as numbers are concerned; so much so in fact that it has been necessary to remove certain structures in the M.C.R. to afford sufficient accommodation and ventilation. The mystery of the elusive window grating is still unsolved.

Football, tennis and cricket practice has been carried out assiduously and beneficially, the latter strictly referring to those who indulge.

Judging from the repulsive junior apparel one can only conclude that the wearers are aching for trial and sentence. The senior's do not disappoint them.

Three excellent Smokers have been held and we congratulate the Secretary on his good taste in refreshments.

The impromptu sing-song on the morning of Italy's Day was a pleasant change from dull routine. The press gang did yeoman service in the corridors.

We admire the unquenchable spirit of the under-secretary in collecting subs. for, and providing light literature for perusal during our leisure hours.

Remarks re the Engineers are conspicuous by their absence, since a certain lively break.

When we have left behind, for the fresher fields of Highfield, those walls so battered by time and conflict, shall we not sometimes long for those hours of peace and comfort which pass all understanding?

H.J.L.

CHORAL SOCIETY. ❧ ❧



THE Choral Society has been well attended this session there being a goodly number of the "abnormal" section of the College as regular members.

During the first part of the session the Cantata "The Lady of Shalott" (Wilfred Bendall) was sung. Later on "Lift Thine Eyes" (Elijah), and "Sound Sleep" together with various songs from the Golden Treasury were practised with fair success.

A second choral party in which "the voluminous voices of the men blend with the harmonious strains of the women," has now been formed.

So far all the members have shown great enthusiasm, and the progress concerning the singing of the various part songs attempted, under the able conductorship of Mr. Croucher, may be termed quite satisfactory.

It is hoped that the enthusiasm in this direction will continue to increase.

E. M. T. (Sec.)

STAGE SOCIETY. x x

A CONCERT under the auspices of the above society was to take place early in the summer term. The play chosen to be acted was "Much Ado About Nothing," but after several rehearsals it was agreed that to give an effective performance of such a play would be a great ordeal requiring much time on the part of the performers. It was therefore decided that since adequate time could not be spared for rehearsing, the play should be postponed.

In order to defray expenses already incurred for costumes etc., a small social function was arranged for Friday May 16th. A short entertainment was the first feature of the evening. Dr. Horrocks kindly recited three times, the items being much enjoyed by the audience. Songs were sung by Miss Ferguson and Miss Abramam, and a short play entitled "Footprints" was given at the conclusion. Anne (Miss Cue) and Pierrette (Miss Costa) were admirable French citizenesses Mlle. Claudine (Miss I. Stickland,) made a fine French aristocrat, while the women of the people among whom were Miss Cross and Miss Adams were very realistic.

After Coll. songs had been sung with the assistance of the comb band, and refreshments had been administered by the waitresses of the "Rainbow Café," a dance concluded the evening's procedure.

E. M. T. Sec.

SOIRÉE. x x



The Welcome Soirée which was held on Oct. 26th 1918 was hailed with great delight by all students, and proved a huge success. The Juniors were well represented and we were especially pleased to see so many members of the staff. During the interval, the Principal, with his usual geniality and kindness, extended a warm welcome to the Juniors, with whom he left little doubt as to the bappy time before them. The dancing ceased at the unusual hour of 7-30 p.m., but the programme was none the less enjoyed.

The 'Xmas Soirée was arranged for Dec. 7th, but owing to the many cases of illness in College it could not be held.

On Feb. 8th 1919, we celebrated the signing of the Armistice by a Victory Soirée at which it was evident, for that time at least, that all the horrors of warfare were forgotten. We were very pleased to welcome so many old students who had so unselfishly given their services to their country during the past years of strife. The enjoyment of the programme was very much increased by the rendering of violin solos and songs. The duties of M.C. were most ably carried out by Mr. W. H. Herbert. At 9-30 p.m. in accordance with the usual custom the Soirée concluded with the Gobli and all agreed that a most enjoyable evening had been spent.

There still remains the Farewell Soirée which we greet with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret.

B. T.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.



THE Welcome Phys. in honour of the Juniors took place on November 3rd 1918. It was perhaps, a bit late in the term, but it was all the more enjoyed when it did come. All the members wore gym frocks and came prepared to do great things on the vaulting horse and other apparatus borrowed, by kind permission, from the M.C.R. *On dit* that the aforesaid horse appeared to be suffering from some fearful malady which obliged the tying-up of its ribs with a peice of string. Vaulting enthusiasts, however, leapt over difficulties and arrived safely on the mat on the other side. Miss Moon very kindly conducted some new country dances and O Joy! a little bird whispered that she was willing to demonstrate some Jazz steps. In a few moments, gym. frocked students were gaily parading round the room making fantastic attempts at the Jazz roll. The event of the evening, however, was the appearance of the Comb Band—musicians especially selected for their sound-producing capacities. Somebody said that the band was as good as a violin orchestra. Of course, we admit that there are violinists and violinists, but———well, we sympathize with Miss F—'s experience of violins.

The Fancy Dress Phys. was held on February 15th. Nearly everybody appeared in motley garb and there were several very striking get-ups—in fact, so striking that one was obliged to shut one's eyes and ask oneself "What is this, and who is here.?" The Bing boys (Miss Cawthra and Miss Sears) were unanimously voted the most original while Miss Parsons, representing a violet, gained the first prize for the prettiest dress. The Phys. was honoured on this occasion by the appearance of Madame Yvonne, a fortune teller of some repute. We are at a loss to account for the consternation of some of the Juniors at her appearance. Perhaps Mme. Yvonne could a tale unfold.

V.M.T.



FOOTBALL. ❧

CONSIDERING that no fewer than twenty-four members played in one or more of this season's seven matches, it is not surprising that the odds were, for the most part, against us. Again, little practice was possible, and this ac-

counted for the lack of cohesion among the forwards and their erratic shooting. The defence was, however, very reliable especially in the last three matches. Of the games played those against the Grammar School were the best, hard fought and at a good pace, the first resulting in a draw of 3-3 and the second in a loss of 3-1.

By kind permission of Mr. Sims we were allowed to use the hockey pitch for a match, in which the Engineers played The Rest. The Engineers lost, in spite of the fact that one of their men turned up in a clean white sweater.

Results of College matches (all being played on opponents ground) :—

				Goals.	
				For.	Against.
Nov. 9	..	v. Bannister Court	..	0	6
.. 16	..	v. Price's School, Fareham	..	8	1
.. 23	..	v. Grammar School	..	3	3
.. 30	..	v. Tauntons School	..	0	2
Feb. 8	..	v. Tauntons School	..	0	2
.. 15	..	v. Grammar School	..	1	3
March 29	..	v. Bishop's XI.	..	2	4

Total : Played, 7; won, 1; lost, 5; drawn, 1. Goals : For, 14; ag'nst, 21.

C.

HOCKEY. ❧ ❧

+ + +

THANKS to the ubiquitous influenza germ and the "gentle rain from heaven," the hockey season did not come into its own till after Christmas. Even then, every Wednesday afternoon it decided to be wet, so that the team had to play as best it could without practice. The Saturdays, however, were fairly fine, and we had some very enjoyable matches.

The signing of the Armistice gave us the chance to play more matches with teams that had not been visiting during the war. We were glad to meet the Winchester County School team in friendly rivalry again.

Of course, the starred occasions were those of our away matches but we were pleased to welcome the Eastleigh, Winchester and Portsmouth teams to our own ground.

At Winchester our opponents gave us a very good game and we enjoyed ourselves afterwards at tea and at a short impromptu dance.

At Portsmouth we braved the effects of the previous night's rain and had a real good game. The Training College field is much larger than ours and the brilliant dashes made by the forwards of both sides called to mind the line—"Swift Carnilla scours the plain." The story does not go on to say if Carnilla landed in a lake at the end, but our left back and right forwards have memories of keen struggles in ice-cold water. The Portsmouth team showed us over their Hostel and entertained us to tea and a short dance until it was time to rush for the train.

We hope that next year, as the College is so near the field, we shall get a really enthusiastic team and a number of people regularly attending the practices.

All that remains is to thank Mr. Sims very much for his kindness in placing the field at our disposal, and to acknowledge our debt of gratitude to Professor Shelley and those members of the W.C.R. who answered nobly the call for funds for travelling expenses.

Results of Matches.

Nov. 16	Cranville College.	Hulse Road	9	0	W.
Feb. 1	Winchester C.S.G.	Home	9	0	W.
" 15	Portsmouth T.C.	Home	2	4	L.
March 1	Winchester C.S.G.	Away	3	1	W.
" 8	Portsmouth T.C.	Away	1	5	L.
" 15	Eastleigh S. School	Home	9	2	W.

M.K.G.



CRICKET.

Cricket has been commenced again after a lapse of three seasons. Mr. Kitcatt has been elected captain and Mr. Carroll vice-captain.

Our first match, on May 7th, was against Taunton's School, who won by 57 runs to 46. Lucas (13) and R. Tully (11) were the only College batsmen to reach double figures. Kitcatt was our first bowler, performing the hat trick and taking 8 wickets for 23 runs.

On May 8th the Juniors beat the Seniors by 81 runs to 64. For the Juniors, Munckton (29) and Lucas (17) both batted and bowled well, while for the Seniors, R. Tully (15) and Cocbrane (13) not out, batted well, the latter being very smart in the field.

The College also lost to Netley Hospital on May 10th, by 140 runs to 73. Kitcatt (15) and Munckton (13) were the highest scorers for the College.

But we are hoping for better luck in our later fixtures, which will include matches with Deanery, "Avro," Grammar School, Bournemouth School, Portsmouth Grammar School, Portsmouth Municipal College, O.S.O., and Remount Depot, Swaythling.

T.J.

THE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.



ALTHOUGH, at the time of writing, the season has only just commenced, there seems to be every prospect of it being a successful one. Quite a number of enthusiastic players already patronise the courts, and it is hoped that more will soon put in an appearance. In view of the fact that our expenses are so high this season, a fancy dress dance was arranged for the end of last term. From the financial standpoint at least, it was quite a success. We are also indebted to Sir Henry Milner-White for the sum of £2 2 0.

On Saturday, May 10th, a match was played between the Seniors and Juniors. The play was keen on both sides, the result being a victory for the Seniors of 7 events to 5.

During the season we hope to play the following matches:—

May	17	..	Banister	Tennis	Club	..	Home.
"	24	..	Romsey	"	"	..	Home.
"	31	..	Woolston	"	"	..	Home.
June	4	..	Banister	"	"	..	Away.
"	14	..	Woolston	"	"	..	Away.
"	21	..	Romsey	"	"	..	Away.

E.A.C.



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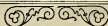
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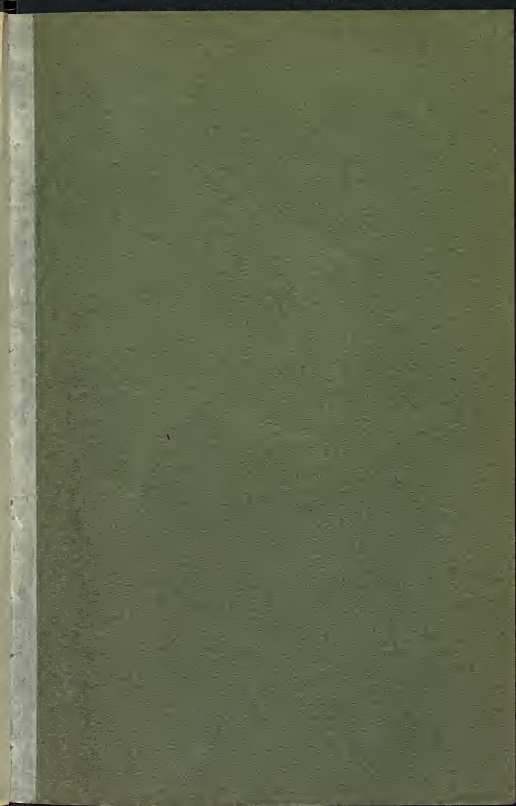
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